

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 230.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

DAY FATALITY.

WE shall read history very imperfectly, if we be not aware of the numerous superstitions which, almost down to our own time, influenced the conduct of even the most enlightened nations. Accustomed as we are to ascertain every thing by experiment and fact, and to look to really operative causes for the explanation of events, we can scarcely form an idea of the extent to which our ancestors were actuated by mere fancies. Cause and effect were not understood by them. A coincidence in initial letters was as likely in their eyes to bring about a particular event as any thing else. What conceits are to poetry and puns to wit, was their perception of many of nature's operations to science. Where we now plant iron rods to ward off lightning, our honest ancestors planted leeks.* Medicine was with them a set of charms—such as holding the left thumb in the right hand for epilepsy—or a visit to certain sainted wells (none of which, however, were to be recognised as possessing any virtue without the bishop's authority),† or, at the best, some obscure speculations about the solids and humours. These superstitions, with the whole kindred tribes of omens, prophecies, and star-influences, though in themselves most contemptible, must not be overlooked by the historian, for to our ancestors they were motives and guiding principles. In a history, for instance, of the Revolution of 1688, to omit all notice of the bleeding at the nose to which King James became subject at Salisbury, and which continued nearly two days, till cured on the application of an ash branch,‡ would be highly improper. An incident which the king himself and many of his friends regarded as portentous of misfortune, could not, at so critical a time, but have a great influence. Indeed, it is by no means unlikely that this extraordinary hæmorrhage was one of the circumstances which principally aided in bringing about that otherwise bloodless change of government. The whole history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the most important in our annals—is only intelligible when read by the lurid light of superstition.

A supposed fatality in certain days was one of the fancies which prevailed among our forefathers. Childermass or Innocents' Day (December 28) used to be regarded in England as unlucky for the beginning of any work or undertaking, the same character being supposed to affect the day of the week on which Childermass fell, throughout the whole year. This superstition extended to other countries. It is related of Louis XI. of France, that he would debate no state matter, and resented every attempt to trouble him with business, on the day of the Innocents. The superstition is said to have been transferred in the early days of Catholicism from the 14th of May, which is still deemed an unlucky day by the Scottish Highlanders, as well as every recurrence of the day of the week on which the 14th of May chances to fall.§ The Romans had the same superstition in reference to the 13th of February, for which the alleged reason was, that they had experienced several defeats on that day. The 10th of August was the unlucky day of the Jews, on account of their temple having been destroyed on that day on both occasions. In England there was proverbial authority for the evil consequences of an Easter Sunday which fell upon Lady Day (25th March):

When Easter falls in our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap.

* Brand's Popular Antiquities.

† Canons of St Anselm, A.D. 1102.

‡ Aubrey's Miscellanies. The ash branch necessary for stopping effusion of blood, required to be cut when the sun entered Taurus.

§ Campbell's Journey in Scotland, i. 261.

The coincidence was remarked to occur in the year of the execution of Charles I. In the middle ages, two-sevenths of the whole week were proscribed by this folly—namely, Monday and Tuesday. A disinclination to begin work on those days is still observable among our work-people, but, apparently, the cause has nothing of superstition in it. Some days were also deemed of old to have a peculiar influence upon the weather of the whole year. The St Swithin superstition may be overlooked, because there is said to be some shadow of a natural cause for it. But such cannot be said of the day of the Conversion of the Apostle Paul (January 25th), which was supposed to prognosticate not only the nature of the weather for the year, but some still more important circumstances:

If St Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble the realm full oft;
And if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.*

Our ancestors seem to have been quite unconscious of the more than usual absurdity of attributing any such character to a day connected with the name of St Paul, who has so emphatically condemned all observation of days. The Scotch showed more good sense in selecting the day of the Purification (February 2) for a power of deciding upon the weather. According to them,

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

The age of the moon was in those days studied with a regard to its influence in almost all the affairs of life. In a table, designed to serve as a popular guide on this subject, such hints are given as—"An unfortunate day; journey not to princes; converse not with old men; fly husbandmen:"—"A fortunate day; go unto great men and rulers; expect good counsel and justice:"—"A day of fear; beware of contention; the peace and truce shall not hold:"—and even such advices are given as—"Comb thy hair"—"put on new apparel"—"write letters"—"make verses"—"proceed to matrimony"—"exercise the mathematics"—"read law statutes."† We had the remains of this nonsense in the almanacks which continued till lately to be printed by the London booksellers. In the work last quoted, there is an old set of rhymes in monkish Latin, pointing out the unlucky days of each month, of which there are in no instance less than two. Of August, for instance, the 1st is said to kill the brave, the 2d to overthrow armies; of September, that the 3d and 10th bring diseases; and so forth.

It was also supposed that particular individuals were liable to the influence of certain days, for good or for evil. Saturday was a lucky day to King Henry VII.; Bosworth field, in which he gained his crown, took place on that day of the week, and exactly a week after, as was not unlikely, he entered London. The 11th of February was the "noted day" of his wife Elizabeth; being the date of both her birth and her death. Thursday was deemed fatal to the posterity of this pair: on that day died Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The 19th of the month was thought to have some strange influence over King James I.: he was born on the 19th of June; he first saw his wife on the 19th of May; his eldest son Henry was born on the 19th of February; his daughter Elizabeth, on the 19th of August; and his second son Charles, on the 19th of November.‡ The 3d of Sep-

* Brand's Popular Antiquities.

† Fosbrooke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities, 674.

‡ Life of King James I., in Constable's Miscellany.

tember was considered as lucky to Oliver Cromwell, being the day on which he gained, in successive years, the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, till unfortunately he died on the same day, and so spoilt the charm. The recurrence of birth-days was wont to be much regarded, and it must have been from some undefined notion of good luck that Charles II. timed his entry into London on the 29th of May, which thus became consecrated to him for a double reason. Charles V. had taken Francis I. and received the imperial crown at Bononia on his birth-day (February 24), which was thus supposed to be lucky to him. The restored Stuart could not fail to be aware of many such circumstances, for literature was then perpetually employed in celebrating them. The 6th of January had been five times auspicious to Charles Duke of Anjou. The 6th of July had been the birth-day of six successive representatives of the house of Trevor. Raphael, Francis Duke of Lunenburg, and Sir Kenelm Digby, had died on their birth-days. Nor was there wanting classic authority for these frivolities. The 6th of April had given three victories to Philip of Macedon, and finally a son, who on the same day gained two victories, and died. Similar things were told of Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, Timoleon, and many others. The church had also her instances of day fatality. Tuesday had been a day of fate to Thomas à Becket. Upon a Tuesday, the saint had been tried by his peers at Northampton; upon Tuesday, he was banished; upon Tuesday, he had a vision of the future glories to be achieved by his blood; upon Tuesday, he returned from exile; upon Tuesday, he was assassinated; upon Tuesday, he got the palm of martyrdom; and upon a Tuesday, fifty years after his death, his venerable body received the glory and renown of translation. Wednesday, in like manner, had been felicitous to Pope Sixtus V.: on that day, he had been born, made a monk, created general of his order, made cardinal, elected pope, and inaugurated. It might be insinuated that some of these phenomena were within the power of the human will; but such matters were seldom very deeply inquired into by our ancestors.

Mr John Gibbon, who in 1678 published a work upon Day Fatality, was of opinion that his birth-day, the 3d of November, was of an uncommon character, and fatal to himself. The Emperor Constantius had died on that day; so had the Earl of Salisbury, a famous commander in the reign of Henry VI.; so had Cardinal Borromeo and Sir John Perrot! The Long Parliament had signalled the day by the commencement of its proceedings, and so had the Parliament which dissolved the religious houses in England. But how was it fatal to Gibbon himself? Look and see. It was the date of the inundation which, in 1099, had destroyed Earl Godwin's estate in Kent, and produced what are called the Godwin Sands. Now, Gibbon had inherited a piece of marsh land on the Kent coast, which was also overflowed by the sea, and rendered a source rather of loss than of profit; "so that I often think," says he, "this day being my birth-day, hath the same evil influence upon me that it had six hundred years since upon Earl Godwin and others concerned in low lands." The complete irrelativeness of this supposition is highly characteristic of the age.

Gibbon was a herald—holding the office of "Blue-mantle"—and the object of his work appears to have been to pay a compliment to the Duke of York, whose birth-day was the 14th of October. In turning over our annals, as he tells us, he had discovered two great events which took place on this day, the victory of Hastings by William the Conqueror, and the return of Edward III. to his kingdom in 1347, after taking

Calais. Here was a sufficient theme for a paper of Latin verses, which he forthwith addressed to the duke. Afterwards, he discovered another great event which took place on the 14th of October, namely, a peace between England and France in 1360: this gave occasion to an additional stanza. Nor was this all. His royal highness had withdrawn from the storm of the Exclusion Bill to the Low Countries on the 3d of March. "The 3d of March," we can conceive Bluemantle saying cogitatively to himself: "let us see what can be made out of the 3d of March." The 3d of March, then, was dedicated to St Eutropius, to St Maximus, to St Marinus, and St Lucius. Eutropius is derived, according to Bluemantle, from Greek words signifying "well" and "turn." The duke was Maximus Princeps by birth, and Maximus Marinus by his character as a naval commander. By a curious philological process, our herald made it clear, from the word Lucius, that the duke was to shine yet brighter than ever. The whole, therefore, implied, in his opinion, that the great prince should return happily, and reach the highest honours.* To us, all this appears the most ardent folly; but it was different in the seventeenth century. Such was then the state of mind, so little was the power of discriminating between the real and the unreal, merit and accident, that an allusion to something felicitous in the name of an illustrious person, in the date of his birth, or the day on which he did any thing remarkable, passed for quite as good flattery as the celebration of the most brilliant deeds.

Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, enumerates many places in England which were believed to be lucky and the reverse to their proprietors. He speaks particularly of Stourton, Hungerford, and Norington, in Wilts—of Clavel in Dorsetshire, and of Hampden and Pen in Buckinghamshire, as estates which had been fortunate to their possessors, continuing in one line since before the Conquest. On the other hand, Charterhouse in Somersetshire, and Butleigh near Glastonbury, had been unlucky, never yet having been possessed by three generations of one family. The Fleeca Tavern in Covent Garden had been unlucky for homicides, of which three cases had occurred in the house during his own time. He speaks of a handsome house in Clerkenwell, which had been so unlucky for forty years, that nobody would now venture to occupy it. According to Aubrey, a gentleman named Wild had had more deadfalls than his manor of Totham in Essex, than from all his estates besides: two mischiefs had happened there in one field. In Scotland there are still preserved certain relics of antiquity with which the fortunes of families were, till a period by no means remote, supposed to be bound up. The Robertsons of Struan have a precious stone about the size of a pigeon's egg, which they used to carry at the top of their standard for luck in battle; whence it was called *Clach-na-brattich*, or the stone of the standard. When the poet Robertson, the representative of this family, fled to France on account of his concern in Dundee's rebellion, he carried the *Clach-na-brattich* along with him, in the gold box which was its usual receptacle. Being, like many other Scottish Jacobite exiles, reduced to the greatest straits for subsistence, he was obliged to sell the box; but nothing on earth could have induced him to part with the stone. The luck of the family of Coalstown in East Lothian rested in like manner with a pear, which was supposed to be invested with magical properties. The family of Graham of Inchbrakie in Perthshire possess a small blue stone, set in a ring, of which the following story is told: Some time probably in the century before the last, as the laird of Inchbrakie was passing the Knock [hill] of Crieff, he found a large crowd, headed by Campbell of —, preparing to execute a witch. On going near, he discovered, in the victim, his nurse Catherine Niven, who had latterly resided in a rocky cave (still shown) near the place where she was about to suffer. Whether this aged female had become liable to the charge of witchcraft through the workings of a disordered mind, or had nefariously endeavoured to practise upon the credulity of the people, Graham felt interested in her behalf, and used all his eloquence to save her life, but without avail. In gratitude for his generous intercession, the poor woman threw from her mouth a small blue stone like a bead, which she desired her foster-child to keep for her sake; further telling him, that, as long as it remained with the Gabriels of Inchbrakie, good fortune should attend them, while to the Campbells of — there should never be born a male heir—predictions which are said to have alike held true. The stone was lately pronounced by a competent judge to be a sapphire. Many similar palladia are preserved by Scottish families, but latterly, of course, only as curiosities. Precisely of the same character was the coronation stone of Scoon—

Whereon the Scottyshe kynge was breechles sette,

according to an old English chronicler, and which was supposed to mark out whatever place received it for the dominion of the Scots. When Edward I. took this "fatal chair" to Westminster, he thought he had broken the charm of Scotland's independency; but he only, according to the belief of the Scottish people, determined that the northern race of princes should in time supplant the house of Plantagenet. Several families in Scotland possessed stones of the same external

character as the *Clach-na-brattich* and the bead of Inchbrakie, but with a different virtue: they were supposed only to have a power of healing. A small red precious stone, which a crusading ancestor of the Lockharts of Lee in Lanarkshire is said to have obtained in the East, and which exists to this day, set within an old English shilling, was held to cure cattle, and even to be of some efficacy in cases of hydrophobia. The Marischal family also possessed, in 1624, "ane jasper stane for steining of blood, estimat to 500 French crownes."

These are but a few scattered traits of the gross abuses to which the human intellect was subjected in ages not yet very remote. When reasoning consisted in the quibbles of the scholastic philosophy, and science confounded the dreams of alchemy and astrology with the ascertained facts of nature, it is scarcely surprising that particular days, and places, and stones, should have been thought to exercise an influence over human destiny. Thanks to Bacon, to Newton, and to the printing-press, such follies no longer hold the prominent place which they did—would that we could describe them as altogether extinguished!

READINGS IN OLD BALLADS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the first article under this title we presented one specimen of the tragic order of the romantic class of ballads, and an abridged one of a gayer character. We shall now advert to the wild and mystic. What a tragedy is hinted, for instance, in the following five little stanzas!

As I gned down by yon house-en,
Twa corbies there were sittand their lane;
The tane unto the tother did say,
"O where shall we gae dine to-day?"
"O doun beside yon new-faun birch,
There, there lies a now-dain knight;
Nae livin' kens that he lies there,
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.
His horse is to the huntin' gane,
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;
His lady's taen another mate;
Sae we may mak our dinner sweet.
O we'll sit on his bonnie breast-bane,
And we'll pryke out his bonnie grey een;
We'll see lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it blows bare.
Mony a one for him maks mane,
But none sall ken where he is gane;
Over his bones, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

In Waverley, amongst the snatches of poetry which Davie Gellatley is so much addicted to singing, there occur the two following stanzas—

False love, and hast thou played me thus,
In summer, among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again,
In winter, amid the showers.
Unless, again, again, my love,
Unless ye turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

These verses seem to have originally belonged to the highly poetical ballad of "the Gardener," which has recently been published in fragments by Messrs Kinloch and Buchan, and is thus presented in a complete form in Mr R. Chambers's collection of Scottish Ballads [Tait, Edinburgh, 1829].

A maiden stude in her bower door,
As jump as a willow-wand;
When by there came a gardener lad,
Wi' a primrose in his hand.
"O, ladye, are ye single yet,
Or will ye marry me?
Ye've get a' the flouirs in my garden,
To be a weed for thee."
"I love your flouirs," the ladye said,
"But I wina marry thee;
For I can live without man-kind,*
And without man-kind I'll dee."
"You shall not live without man-kind;
But you shall marry me:
And, among the flouirs in my garden,
I'll shape a weed for thee."
The lilye flouir to be your smock,
It becomes your bodie best;
Your heid sall be busket wi' the gullye flouir;
The primrose in your breast.
Your gown sall be o' the sweet william;
Your coat o' the cammoline;
Your apron o' the seel o' dawns;
Come, smile, sweetheart o' mine!
Your gloves shall be o' the green clover,
All glitterin' to your hand;
We'll spread over wi' the blue blawort,
That grows among corn-land.
Your stockings shall be o' the cabbage leaf,
That is bath braid and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the kute,[†]
And braid, braid, at the branne.[‡]
Your shoon shall be o' the gude rue red;
I hope it bodes nae ill;
The buckles o' the marygold:
Come, smile, sweetheart, your fill!"
"Young man, ye've shapit a weed for me,
Among the simmer flouirs;
Now I will shape anither for you,
Among the winter shouirs.
The snow so white shall be your shirt,
It becomes your bodie best:
The cold east wind sall wrap your heid,
And the cold rain on your breast."

The steed that you shall ride upon,
Shall be the weather mill;
Weel bridled wi' the northern wind,
And cold sharp shouirs o' hail.
The hat you on your heid sall wear,
Sall be o' the weather grey;
And aye when ye come into my sight,
I'll wish ye were away."

But there is perhaps no ballad of more sublimity than one entitled "the Clerk's Twa Sons of Owsenford," which was for the first time given in a complete form in Mr Chambers's collection. The concluding stanzas match any thing in literature.

O I will sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco leas.^{*}
They hadna been in fair Pariah,[†]
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love
Wi' the Mayor's daughters twa.
And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

The course of true love is interrupted by the jealousy of the Mayor, who throws the young men into prison.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak tenderlie:
"O tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me."
O sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand;
But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,
As he gae in the strand.
When he came to their prison strang,
He made it round about,
And at a little shot-window,
His sons were looking out.
"O lie ye there, my sons," he said,
"For owsen or for kye?;
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie?"
"We lie not here for owsen, father,
Nor yet do we for kye;
But it's for a little o' dear-bought love,
Sae sair bound as we lie."

The Clerk intercedes with the Mayor for the lives and liberty of his sons, but in vain. The young ladies also plead for their lovers, but are lashed by their brutal father.

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford;
A sorry man was he:
"Gang to your bours, ye lilye flouirs,
For a' this maunna be."
Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry,
"Come here, Janet, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?"
"Ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine."
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.
Then out it speaks him gae William,
"Come here, sweet Marjorie;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?"
"Yes, ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine."
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.
"O ye'll tak aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nae man ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten doun."[§]
The bonnie clerks they died that morn,
Their loves did lang ere noon;
And the wacful Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.
His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Coming walking to the town.
"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain gude lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me;
But where-away are my twa sons?
Ye sould hae brought them wi' ye."
"O they are putten to a deeper leas,
And to a higher scule;
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule!"^{||}
"Oh sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed;
And, dale, come lay me doun;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun!"[¶]
The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birch.
It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enouch.
"Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.
O eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare;
For my twa sons they are come hame
To me for evermair."
And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.

* Criminal Record, quoted in Sharpe's notes to Law's Memorials, 1811.
† The ankle.
‡ The calf.

* Learning.
† Pariah.
‡ Oxen or cows.
§ Put to death.
|| The holidays of Christmas.

But the young cock crew in the merry Linkum,
And the wild fowl chirped for day;
And the sadder to the younger said,
"Brother, we maun away.
The cock doth crew, the day doth daw,
The chamberin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."
"Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day."

O they've taen up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin:
"O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again."

A CRUISE IN THE BALTIC.

Or all the bodies of water which cover the face of the earth, that known by the name of the Baltic is about the most furious, when the wind gives it the smallest provocation. Not only does it toss its waves aloft into the air, like any other sea of greater magnitude, but currents setting in different directions from the shores which surround it, drive against each other with the rage of embattled hosts, and embroil the waters in a tremendous conflict, wherein the wave, no longer preserving its unbroken sweep, is split into a thousand antagonist columns, which rush together in unimaginable uproar.

One fatal October I lent myself to a scheme for crossing the Baltic, from Germany to the Swedish coast, in a crazy brig. The day was beautiful and calm on which we first embarked, the water smooth, the air elastic, and under such flattering auspices we were seduced into that treacherous sea. For a few days the wind blew gently from the east, and wafted us steadily towards our haven. On such occasions a sea voyage is attended with infinite delight, and nothing can exceed the buoyancy of spirits which is felt by all. Smiles and good humour enlightened every countenance, and the rude tars were merry as they heaved the log, or drew yet more astern the stunsail sheet. But, alas, for the insecurity of human hopes and marine adventures! One night, the sun sank amidst those lurid and fleecy clouds which the sage pilot knows full well betoken a furious wind. Two hours after midnight the storm burst upon us, sweeping a perfect hurricane from the west, directly in our teeth. A few hours more would have carried us into the Sound's still waters, and in a vain attempt to double a rocky promontory on the Swedish coast, our captain persisted for three days in exposing us to the fury of the storm. We tacked and tacked again, made short-legs and long-legs, all to no purpose. No head-way was gained, and we at length yielded from the contest, and, turning our backs to the wind, scudded with a few stitches of canvass before it. Our object was to obtain shelter at the nearest point; and unless we returned to some port on the continent, none offered itself but anchoring under lee of the island of Bornholm, which lies in the middle of the Baltic. Under the high lands of this island was an open roadstead, and so long as the wind blew in the direction in which it had commenced, there was a safe and quiet anchorage. As it was, we had scarcely an alternative, and the destruction which a sudden chopping round of the furious blast would inevitably produce by dashing us on the rocky coast, was less regarded than the immediate peril which threatened a further exposure to the storm. When we had turned the northern angle of the island, we came again into smooth water, the ineffable luxury of which can only be appreciated by those who emerge from the hurly-burly of a tempest. Sliding gently along the eastern side of the island, we at length dropped our anchor amidst several other vessels driven there by the same necessity.

The next morning the boat was lowered for an excursion on shore. Although the wind was still blowing with unabated violence, so completely were we sheltered from its influence, that the water around us was scarcely rippled, and on the sloping banks of the island all seemed repose and quiet. Two little villages, with their white cottages were in view, and on the summit of the hill the ruins of some ancient castle still frowned upon the plains below. Upon reaching the land, we made for the village which stood nearest our berth. Some young girls, whom we disturbed drawing water from a well, fled upon our appearance with marks of terror on their countenances, and took refuge in the houses. When we entered the village,

we found only a few old men and women, whom our aspect did not scare into flight, as the more youthful population ventured only an occasional peep from the doorways, doubtless considering us as some terrible monsters escaped from the deep. As the Danish language is spoken upon the island, we were unable at first to hold any intercourse with the people around us; but at last a person in a somewhat better garb than his neighbours, advanced towards us, and, in the German dialect, invited us into his mansion. This we found to be the hotel of the village, and its occupier, as he himself positively assured us, the greatest man in the community. Though his house or cottage was upon a small scale, and as to furniture very bare, yet it was clean and orderly. It was, however, the most sumptuous abode in the parish, save that of the priest, who, our landlord informed us, lived about two miles up the country, in a very stately and magnificent residence. He likewise gave us to understand that he was the only individual in the place who ate mutton to his dinner on certain days in the week, his fellow-citizens living upon fish and barley bread the whole year round. "Yes," said he, "all the people look up to me, except on Sundays, when the priest comes down to preach. Ah! he is a great man that priest. But I have seen much of the world also. I have been three times in Elsinore, and once in Rostock; and few can say as much. Yes, upon my word, I have seen a great deal—so much, that the governor himself sometimes asks my opinion when he comes this way. And he is a greater man than the priest!" As he thought that some doubts might still remain on our minds as to the importance he assumed, he proceeded to direct our attention to the articles of furniture in the two rooms he occupied, which, although of the most ordinary description, were in his eyes evidences of a superior luxury. Of his bed he seemed singularly proud. "See that bed," said he, "it is indeed a very fine bed. I assure you it is all stuffed with wool. But," added he with a sigh, "it is, after all, not so grand as the priest's bed."

Having thus, as he imagined, completely elevated himself in our estimation, he brought forth a bottle, and insisted upon our tasting such schnapps as never was known in Bornholm before. As an additional recommendation, he stated that the priest himself often took a glass of such an inestimable fluid, pronouncing it in the first order of things. Having therefore taken a sip of his cordial, which was similar to the common brandt-wein of Germany, and praised it in sufficiently high terms, we solicited some information from him as to any thing curious or wonderful which was to be seen in the neighbourhood. "There is the church," said he, "which is very, very old; and there is the priest, who is the most learned man that ever was known. He is the only man who knows when the church was built. As for the clerk, who lives close by, he is a miserable person who knows nothing, though he pretends to tell all about it. Therefore you must not believe one word he tells you, for the fellow can jabber a little German. But I will accompany you myself." With these words, he led the way towards the church, which, although a small building, was evidently of great antiquity. Having readily found the clerk, who seemed the custodian of the edifice, he, with every symptom of alacrity, acceded to our request to enter and inspect it. With a species of flourish he drew forth a large key, and, opening the door, invited us to follow him. We found the interior in every respect similar to a church in some retired rural parish of England. What imparted to this ancient building an air of singularity, was about fifty mouldering banners, which hung down from the ceiling, and formed a sort of canopy along the whole extent of the church. Seeing that we regarded these trophies with a great degree of curiosity, the clerk put himself in the attitude of a man about to impart some considerable information, and, stretching his hand a little upwards, he thus commenced—"The old and venerable relics which you now behold, belong to an age long since past. They represent to you, gentlemen, the arms and escutcheons of the famous Hanse Towns, which many a long year ago possessed this great and flourishing island. Here also are some of the banners of the glorious order of St Mary of Jerusalem, otherwise called the Teutonic Knights, who, they say, first brought Christianity amongst us. The sovereign of Denmark, who extirpated all these people from the face of the land of Bornholm, nevertheless gave his gracious permission to preserve these records of times and powers passed away, and we, who are deeply versed in history, can appreciate the magnanimity of such a resolution. But the people of the island are sunk in an ignorance not to be imagined." During the delivery of this oration, which was given in a sufficiently pompous manner, and apparently in the style of a man who repeats what he himself does not exactly comprehend, our friend of the schnapps shop gave sundry tokens of the impatience with which he listened to the effusion of the erudite clerk. "Gentlemen," said he, with infinite rage in his looks, "this soundrel has learned all these fine things from the priest. You dare not deny it, sir; you cannot read two words in a book. Ignorance! do you compare yourself to me—me who have been thrice in Elsinore, and once in Rostock? Did I not recommend you to the priest? Do you not owe every thing to me—do you not owe me for a bottle of schnapps?" This last question seemed to bring down the unfortunate clerk from his airy flight, for he replied in a very subdued tone of voice, "Yes, yes, the priest taught me all this, but I saw no harm in repeat-

ing it." "Ah! there—I told you so," said the other, turning to us; "nobody knows any thing but myself. It is necessary, I assure you, to keep all these people in good order." The irascibility of this man of knowledge being now in some degree appeased, his feelings seemed to take an entirely new turn, in which a wish to promote the interests of his compatriot was predominant. Taking us aside, he represented to us the necessity of giving the poor clerk something to recompense the trouble he had bestowed upon us, and he himself kindly offered to convey any douceur which we should destine for him. We, however, thought it best to give the reward into the man's own hands, and we left the couple in eager discussion within the porch as to its proper distribution.

As we sauntered from the church, the clerk overtook us out of breath. "Gentlemen," said he, "the priest is exceedingly fond of strangers, and I am sure he will be displeased with me if I do not conduct you to his house. I trust, therefore, you will allow me to do so." As we had heard so much of this clerical personage, we had every inclination to accede to the learned clerk's offer. We therefore set off, and in about half an hour reached the parsonage, which was a one-storied house standing in the midst of a garden, not in the very best of order. To the clerk's inquiry whether the priest was at home, a girl in a blue flannel gown and wooden shoes directed us into a back court, where his reverence was at that particular moment killing one of his pigs. "Halt a moment," said our conductor; "let us wait till he has finished." We therefore stopped and contemplated the personage before us. He was a man of middle stature, and robust make, quite a parson Trulliber in appearance, though not in character. His countenance was fair and ruddy, betokening perfect health. He had on neither coat nor waistcoat, and his striped shirt was tucked up above the elbows, so that his arms were nearly bared. A woollen nightcap hung down one side of his head, and from his ears were pendant two large brass rings. When disengaged from the operation in which he had been employed, he turned round and beheld us, whereupon he instantly stepped forward, and, seizing hold of the tassel of his nightcap, laid bare his cranium, and made us a profound bow. "I suppose, gentlemen," said he, "you are from the ships I see at anchor near the island. I am glad to see you. Pray walk into the garden for a few minutes until I can appear to welcome you in proper form. You, Petersen," added he, addressing the clerk, "go and stir that blood until I send some one to relieve you." With these words he retired into the house. The worthy priest was not long at his toilet, for he soon rejoined us in very spruce habiliments. "I am sorry this is not a gala day with us," said he; "but if you can eat oats and eels, I shall be delighted to entertain you at dinner. Yesterday we finished the last piece of mutton that was in the house, and it will be next week before we get any more. As to that pig," added he, smiling, "it is not for my own table—it goes off to-day to the garrison at Eartholm."

We immediately accepted his invitation, however oddly the viands sounded in our ears. He led us into the house, and presented us to his wife, who received us with great good nature. She was dressed in a very homely manner, and was evidently not accustomed to a life of sloth and luxury. The room we were ushered into was of the very plainest order. No carpets, stuffed chairs, or sofas, were visible. The good lady of the house assisted in arranging all things for the forthcoming feast. The functionary of the church himself lent his voice in suggestion or command as occasion needed; and when at length a bowl smoking hot was brought in, he summoned us to the board. The dish we were called upon to discuss was composed of rancid eels, sunk in a sort of thick oat porridge, mixed up with hog's lard or some other potent unguent, a portion of which we got through in tolerable style, all things considered. We, however, resisted with a modest firmness the kind endeavours of our host to heap our plates with any further quantity, and preferred a glass of his small wine. During the repast, the good-hearted priest entertained us with some home sketches. "You see," said he, "I am not a man given to luxurious feeding, but I preserve my health and pass my days happily. Although, in the estimation of you men who mix in the world, I am poor and needy, yet by my parishioners I am considered as rolling in wealth. My stipend from the king is about L.15 sterling, and I have a farm, for which I pay no rent, and which I cultivate myself. Upon this I keep my family, though the land is amazingly barren. But the people all regard me as the greatest man in the world, whilst I do my best to assist them in their sickness and poverty. They are principally fishermen; but unless they fall in with ships at sea, they seldom find a good market for their commodity. They respect me not only as the wealthiest person in the district, but, I trust, also as their pastor. I preach to them every Sunday, and they gather from all parts to hear me. I thus live honoured by the people around me; and as I am contented with my lot, I write myself down a happy man. One wish alone annoys me. I confess I listen sometimes to the voice of ambition. I would, gentlemen, be an historian—the chronicler of the great events of which this island has been the scene. I would withdraw from oblivion the names of the mighty men who have figured in its annals, and while I gained for myself infinite renown, I would approve myself a patriot zealous for the glory of his native land. Yes, gentlemen, such things come across me sometimes." And here he laid his hand

upon his forehead, and preserved a deep silence for some minutes.

Whilst his reverence had thus lost himself in a glorious reverie, we took the opportunity of rising preparatory to our departure, which instantly brought him back to the material world. He insisted upon accompanying us back to our boat; and loading poor Petersen, the clerk, with bottles of fresh milk and a basket of eggs, he gave us good cause to recollect his kindness. When we reached the shore, he bade us a hearty farewell, and we parted with mutual good wishes for all that this earth can give of happiness and prosperity. The following day the storm having somewhat abated, we weighed anchor, and soon left the island of Bornholm—a land reckoned by its own simple-minded inhabitants the greatest in the world, but which to our gaze soon became a speck on the horizon, and hardly obtains a notice in the map of Europe.

A FAMILY OF OUTCASTS.

ONE cold wet day, a few years ago, a poor woman was observed toiling up the ascent of the main street of one of our largest provincial towns, under the weight of a coffin which contained the corpse of a child, and which she was carrying to that part of the common burying-ground of the churchyard allotted to strangers. No one was with her to assist in the melancholy task; no one offered to relieve her of her wretched load. The woman was evidently sinking under misfortune, sickness, and poverty: her dress was thin and tattered; she was shoeless and stockingless; and her appearance altogether was forbidding and uninviting, while her task was uncommon, and calculated to raise feelings of compassion in the bosom of the onlooker. When still a short distance from the place of her destination, she was completely exhausted, and was forced to sit down with her burden upon the pavement. Here tears came to her relief. Several individuals gathered around her asking questions, to which she gave no answer. A young man, affected by humane feelings, procured for her, from a neighbouring house, a cup of cold water, which she drank with avidity; he then raised her from the ground, and, taking the little coffin under his arm, he led her slowly along till they reached the place of sepulture.

A case of this kind is but rare, we believe, in any country, but particularly so in Scotland. During plagues, such melancholy exhibitions may have been witnessed; but even during those calamitous visitations, instances of strong natural affection triumphing over fear and that sickness which bows down the mind and the body, leaving both alike prostrate and helpless, and engendering the utmost callousness to the ordinary duties of existence, must be of unfrequent occurrence. In times when death takes no peculiar strides, we seldom meet with any thing so affecting as the little incident recorded. In this country, custom does not permit women to pay the farewell duties of the living to the dead; and even if a solitary female should be seen following, at respectful distance, a sable crowd to the grave, that can only be set down as an extraordinary specimen of excessive grief for the departed, which does not meet with patronage or sympathy even from womankind.

In a large, bustling, commercial town, where every one is intent upon his own concerns, a funeral, whether sumptuous or humble in its character, excites little attention except among the lowly and the poor. The beggar on the streets is perhaps the first to mark it, to pause and ponder over it. "This is the lot that speedily awaits me," is the immediate reflection that occurs as a coffin is carried past them, to those who are ever struggling with existence; while an eye of compassion rests for a moment upon the principal mourners in the procession. There was that in the situation of the poor woman, who, unassisted, was performing the rites of burial to her child, which called forth a well-spring of sympathy from the by-passers; and the blessings and benedictions that were showered down on the young lad who so feelingly stepped forward to assist the lonely mourner, were abundant as they were for the time sincere. The case must have been an extreme one. Had she no husband, no relatives, no neighbours, to ease her of this last misery? She must have been poor in fortune, perhaps bankrupt in character, else the feelings of a people ever alive to the proprieties in ceremonial observances, could not have been thus outraged.

The history of this wretched female, as we learned on inquiry, was one which frequently occurs in the hum-bled ranks of life, although the public ear is seldom arrested by its details. About two years before the time of which we are treating, she, with her hus-

band and three children, had left Ireland, of which country they were natives. Reaching Scotland, the mother hired herself, during the harvest season, to farmers as a shearer; while the husband, who knew something of the tinmith trade, stopped in an adjacent town, and picked up a trifling job here and there when he could get it. It was but little money the family could make, with all their exertions, and that little was too often spent in any thing but a creditable manner. Utter poverty, and a species of hopelessness of mind, which too frequently attends the illiterate when in a condition approaching destitution, produced the very common result—indulgence in intoxicating fluids. Whisky—which ere long extinguishes every moral perception, and produces that wide-spread misery every where observable among the humble orders of society, along with a perfect indifference to all the decencies of life—was the daily solace of this miserable family. All or nearly all their little earnings were spent in the purchase of this debasing liquor; consequently their share of the ordinary comforts of life were few. Their lodging was a wretched sort of outhouse, or stable, in an obscure alley, which could boast of neither door nor window. As money was necessary to procure ardent spirits, the husband occasionally took fits of industry, and the two elder boys were sent out to gather old tin, broken pans, and similar articles, which they found in the lowest purlieus of the town. Out of these the father contrived to shape up little jugs, tinnies, small watering cans, and trays, to which he gave a touch of paint, and sold in the streets of a Saturday evening. This, in addition to begging, kept the family in existence. Lately, however, the husband had been struck by palsy, and even begging, the last shift of misery, was denied him. The mother was at the same time so sick, so feeble, that she could do no more than creep about the doorway. The children were now, as a last resource, sent forth to steal, by their ignorant parents, in order to keep them in bare life. According to information received from the police, most scrupulously did these poor boys carry every little thing they could conveniently lay their hands on to their home; bottles, tankards, tumblers, from taverns—keys, and such matters as were easily disposed of. At length the elder of the two was seized in the act of stealing a candlestick from a window-sill, carried before the sitting magistrate, and sent to bridewell. The supplies of the family were now stopped, for the younger could do nothing without his brother, and even he at length was stretched beside his father with fever. The youngest child died about this time, and we have seen in what manner it was carried to the grave by the mother, the parish having furnished a coffin on the occasion; but such having been the outcast character of the family, no one—no neighbours—could be procured to assist at the melancholy ceremony.

On entering the habitation of this family of outcasts, a scene presented itself of which no description can give a proper idea. It was a perfect den of darkness, and a light had to be procured before any thing could be distinctly seen. The woman sat upon the earthen floor, before the embers of a decaying fire, with her head sunk upon her knees. The rain had soaked through the broken roof, and the ground was wet as a puddle. There was no recess in the apartment, and not a single article in the shape of furniture could be discovered—not a household utensil, if we except what had originally been a blacking bottle, now devoted as a vessel for fetching whisky from the shop of the spirit merchant, and alongside of it a dram-glass without the foot—both articles forming a very usual exhibition in such scenes of domestic misery. A rough block of wood lay in a corner, which had probably served as a stithy. In another corner was heaped up a quantity of old tin, which had been gathered during the husband's illness. At the farthest distance from the doorway lay the bed of the household. And such a bed! It was literally a heap of wood shavings, bits of straw and ashes, covered with a piece of sacking or mat. It was altogether such a place as might have brought Lear to his senses.

It was some time before the woman either could or would speak. On inquiry for her husband, she pointed to the heap in the corner. A part of the mat was slightly raised; the dying man opened his wild eyes, looked about him for an instant, and then sunk back. A little thin arm—that of the sick child by his side—at this moment drew the mat over its father. There was a touch of nature in the action, that one might go far to look for.

There was no need for explanation here. The little that was to be seen told its own tale. Health, life itself, was the sacrifice to mental darkness and bodily debasement.

Had it been our wish to excite false sympathy in the present case, as is, unfortunately, too often attempted in depicting cases of extreme suffering, it might easily have been done by altering the early circumstances and character of this poor family. It might have been shown, perhaps, that they were honest, frugal, and industrious, and that all their exertions had been blighted by the harshness of others, or by some sudden calamity. But however much we may regret the circumstances of those who fall upon evil times, it is not less our duty to trace evils to their right source; and to compose a tale which will only excite sympathy, by disguising facts, is not the way to read the great moral lesson which is to be deduced from every departure from well-doing. In the present case, the misery

of a whole family was produced from what is a remarkably common cause of destitution—a giving way to indulgence in liquor, from a want of moral conviction of not only its impropriety, but its incapability of giving that solace which it is supposed to possess. Knowing nothing, fearing nothing, and hoping nothing, it is not the least wonderful that persons so circumstanced should abandon themselves to courses of intemperance and crime. If we desire to see them behave otherwise, we must begin by instructing their moral and intellectual faculties, a matter hitherto entirely neglected, and hardly considered either necessary or available.

SCOTT'S WANDERINGS IN THE GREAT DESERT.

AT the age of sixteen, Alexander Scott, a native of Liverpool, sailed as an apprentice in the ship *Montezuma*, commanded by Captain Knubley, and bound from that port to Brazil. On the 26th of October, in the year 1810, the vessel left the Mersey, and on the 23d of November was wrecked on the African coast, somewhere between the Capes Noon and Bajador. In the course of the first day, the crew, who had reached the shore, were visited by two persons, one of them an Arab of the tribe of Toborlet, and the other a Negro. The cook of the *Montezuma*, a Portuguese boy named Antonio, and Scott, were desired by Captain Knubley to accompany those men to their habitations. The natives, finding that Antonio had a knife and some copper coin, took these from him; and the consequence was, that the Portuguese boy refused to go farther. Scott and the cook, however, proceeded with their guides, and in the evening reached a valley, in which about a hundred tents were scattered, which were all inhabited by Arabs, of brown complexions and slender bony forms. To the same place next day the captain and the rest of the crew were brought, and the whole resided there in a straggling manner for the space of three weeks. At the end of this period the Arabs began to break up their tents, and a sort of division or sale of the shipwrecked crew seems to have taken place. Scott was purchased by an old man named Sidi el Hartoni, who had with him three camels. In travelling with this old man, Scott fell in with the boy Antonio, who was in possession of another Arab tribe, and the two attempted to escape together, but they were pursued, caught, and beaten. They were next day finally separated; Antonio and his master going off in a south-east direction, while Scott was carried, as far as he could judge, due south, the route being all the way not far from the sea. After seventeen days' marching, during which the travellers rested, and were hospitably entertained, every night at different Arab encampments, the party reached a place called El Ghiblah, at which there was an encampment of thirty-three tents. The district in which they now were, as well as those which they had traversed, was considerably varied in character. The soil generally was a soft sand, with here and there a valley containing water and thickets of wood. El Ghiblah was situated near the sea, and was of a rocky character, being higher for the most part than the surrounding country. Scott saw here plenty of wild fowl, occasionally foxes, wolves, deer, and buffaloes, or an animal resembling them. His occupation was to attend to his master's sheep and goats during the day, and at night he was employed in grinding barley between two flat stones.

Scott remained at El Ghiblah for some months, at the end of which time he was informed that "the tribe would go a long journey to Hez el Hezsh, and that he must go with them, and there change his religion, or die." The motives of this journey appear to be exactly similar to those which actuate the pilgrims to Mecca, being entirely founded on feelings of devotional reverence for a certain spot or place. The pilgrimages to Mecca are performed by parties or caravans through the Arabian sands, and the Mahometan Arabs of Western Africa travel in the same way in bodies through their deserts to Hez el Hezsh.

The old man, Scott's master, with his three sons and three daughters, and many others of the tribe, composed a caravan of twenty families. The party mustered between five and six hundred camels, animals indispensable for such a journey, of which fifty-seven were the property of Sidi el Hartoni. Each family was provided with a tent, which, together with provisions, water, and all their effects, was carried by the male camels, while the young camels, and those that gave milk, had no load whatever. The number of sheep belonging to the caravan was above one thousand, and their goats were nearly as many. They had only five horses, which during the journey were chiefly employed in chasing ostriches, the feathers of which were carefully preserved, and the flesh eaten. They carried with them two jack-asses, and many dogs, chiefly of the grey-hound and blood-hound breeds, with which the people killed hares, foxes, and wolves; and on the flesh of all these this tribe occasionally fed. When travelling, the sheep and goats of each family were kept in separate droves. The animals go close together, except when they meet with some vegetation, when they spread, but are easily brought together by the whistling of their driver, or the sound of the horn which he carries. The latter is the most usual method, and soon collects the flocks around the driver; an ef-

fect supposed to arise from their apprehension of wild beasts, which drives them to the protection of their keeper. It is said that they can distinguish by the smell the approach of a wolf at the distance of half a mile.

It may well be supposed that such an assemblage as this cannot travel very fast, particularly in a country where, in addition to the fatiguing nature of the climate and soil, apprehensions of attack from wild beasts or from roving tribes of men, constantly exist, and not without frequent verification. The tents were pitched every night, and the camels and flocks belonging to the family were disposed in front of the family tent, near which fires were kindled for cooking. Should there be any reason to fear an attack during the night, all the tents are pitched in a circular form of encampment, called *Douar*, within which the cattle are driven, and the men lie among the camels, which immediately rise up on the first alarm.

The camels can go long without food or drink; they browse on the scanty herbage of the desert, and drink as much at once as will serve them a long time. At the very commencement of the route of the caravan to which Scott was attached, the animals were tried sufficiently on this score, as for the first five days not a blade of grass was seen. The party then reached a valley, containing a deep well, which, as the Arabs told Scott, was formed by Christians who formerly possessed the country. For eleven days succeeding, the route lay through a sandy district, the only vegetation visible in which was small bushes, and a low tree called *El Myrreh*, of the roots of which the cattle were extremely fond. The face of the country by and bye showed more vegetation, and considerable quantities of water, or wells, were found, but these were generally so brackish as to be unfit for use. The soil around these wells to a great extent was clayey, and the footmarks of the camels in former journeys served as a guide to the party of *Sidi Hartoni*. The caravan often fell in with other Arab tribes travelling like themselves, but they never pitched their tents near each other. This arose partly from fear and partly from the scarcity of water and food for their cattle. Beasts of prey seldom attacked a party unless they were first molested; but about this part of the route the flocks were attacked in a wood of some extent by a tiger. The camels smelt this animal at a great distance, which was known by their refusing to advance. This tiger killed three men, notwithstanding their fire-arms, wounded five others, and ended his exploit by carrying off a sheep, as lightly and easily as it had been a feather, in its mouth. In the same wood, which contained date and cocoa trees and wild oranges, Scott saw a tame elephant in the possession of a party whom they met.

Beyond this wood he observed no more of the clayey soil which was noticed, and for the next month the district was entirely sandy, though still containing small hills, or rather hillocks, and here and there running streams of brackish water. The caravan then came abruptly on the shores of a vast lake or sea. The day was extremely clear, and two mountain tops on the opposite shore of this large inland gulf were just visible almost like clouds on the sky. The point at which they had arrived was not that which they intended to reach; for it was an uninhabited country. They proceeded therefore along the banks of the lake, and in the same evening arrived at a number of fixed huts, built of canes and bamboos, and called *El Sharraz*. The surrounding country was of a soft sandy soil, and only partially wooded; but the trees were in general very high. The route from *El Ghiblah* to *El Sharraz* had been, upon the whole, as far as Scott could guess from the position of the sun, a little to the southward of east, inclining farther to the south towards the end of the journey.

Hitherto no mention has been made of the unfortunate captive's sufferings during this travel. The Arabs themselves endured much and fared ill, but Scott fared much worse, was severely tasked, and frequently most cruelly beaten in addition. His feet and legs were blistered by the burning sand; and if he lagged from fatigue, or slept too long in the morning, his tyrants belaboured him with a cudgel. The whole party were often short of water, and at one time, when travelling over the hard ground near the salt and brimstone mines, they were in great distress, having been six days without any water. The resource then was the milk of their goats and camels; and they frequently collected the urine of the latter as a drink in this extremity, and preserved what water was found in the stomachs of several that died. Only one meal was taken by the Arabs, which, when they had grain, consisted of barley flour and goats' milk. When they had none, however, they were obliged to eat the flesh of the dead camels, and their hides also; and locusts were occasionally used by them in extremity as food. All their meat was roasted in such a way that particles of sand and dirt were abundantly mingled up with it, but this was totally disregarded.

Leaving at *El Sharraz* their cattle and property with two persons of each family, the remainder of the party, to the number of eighty, among whom was Scott, crossed the great lake, called *Bahar Tieb*,* in

a large red-wood boat. Here the Negroes were first seen by Scott, in the character of slaves to the Arabs. The boat had an anchor attached to it, but every thing was in the rudest fashion, and three days were spent in the passage. Many other vessels of small size were on the lake, which was composed of a brackish kind of fresh water, and abounded in fish. On landing in the sacred country to which their pilgrimages were directed, the Arabs all kissed the ground three times, and washed their faces and hands with sand, as they did at all times when they prayed. Scott's conscientious refusal to imitate this, procured him a severe beating with sticks; and the men told him further, that, when they reached *Hex el Hezsh*, and *Sidna Mohammed* (the grave of some near relation of the prophet), he must become a Mahometan, or die; for if he did not change his faith, Mohammed would rise and kill him.

The party then traversed a mountainous country till they arrived at a valley containing large trees, from the fruit of which an abundant vegetable oil was extracted. Here also was a building, partly built of red stones, and partly of rushes and canes, with one end to the north, and one to the south, and having a large forked pole arising from the roof, on the points of which were two ostrich eggs. This was *Sidna Mohammed*, the grave alluded to of the chief who was related to the prophet. By the sides of it were the graves of many pilgrims, which were all marked by small hollows and a stone. In Scott's party were five pilgrims, who seem to have borne a character somewhat resembling the palmers of the old Catholic church, for they were dressed in white shirts, with red belts round their waists, and in their hands brass boxes containing books and papers. The pilgrims went through similar ceremonies of bowing and kissing the stone, as those performed at Mecca, and all the party, excepting Scott, followed their example. They threatened to kill the poor lad, but his sufferings had made this threat not so terrible as it might have been, and he had the constancy to resist all their endeavours. In consequence of his obstinacy, he was confined to a hut during the remainder of the stay at *El Hezsh*, and saw therefore little more of their ceremonial observances.

After about a month's stay altogether at this place, the caravan party re-embarked on the lake *Bahar Tieb*, and returned to their companions and property at *El Sharraz*. The hire paid to the proprietors of the boat was three camels for each family conveyed across. Of these valuable animals several had died during the month, owing, it was supposed, to their having swallowed stones while feeding on the low bushes. The loss of so many camels was a grievance, but the party, notwithstanding, set out on their return. On reaching the wood alluded to as the scene of the adventure with the tiger, they met with a band of Negroes, called, by the Arabs, *Bambarra*. These were armed only with bows and arrows, and the Arab party, without the slightest provocation, attacked and defeated them, taking eight of them prisoners. These were bound hand and foot, and the next morning carried away by their captors, who pursued their journey. After a month and a half of travelling, in a different route apparently from that by which they had come, the caravan came to a large valley, where they took up their abode for nearly a quarter of a year. This will not be wondered at, when one recollects, that, though they are often more attached to one place than another, scarcely any one spot is the place of birth of two members even of one family, and no one quarter, consequently, has any pretensions to be called their general home. The valley where they now were, supplied them with water and vegetables, particularly one herb resembling the green sauce of Britain, which served as food both to man and beast. When the leaves fell from the trees, and the vegetation began to decay, away went the wandering sons of Ishmael in search of another abode.

They arrived at this time near *El Ghiblah*, the spot, it will be remembered, from which they started. They never travelled farther to the northward than this, for fear of being taken by the Moors of Morocco, between whom and the Arabs (or Moors, for they are of the same race) of the desert, a deadly hatred exists. The caravan party or tribe were now held in much higher estimation than formerly, on account of their having effected the holy pilgrimage, and they got the new title of *Sidi el Hezsh Hezsh*. This religious exaltation was a source of great trouble to Scott, for, since his refusal to change his faith, they treated him much more cruelly, beating him almost daily with sticks.

The dress of the Arab tribes at *El Ghiblah* is nothing more than a simple blanket or shawl, which is worn both by men and women, the latter having generally silver clasps to secure their covering, and belts. Their marriage ceremonies are very simple. A man who wishes to take a young woman to wife, makes a present of a number of camels to her father, and, in general, without delays, coquettings, or refusals, the girl removes from her father's to her wooer's tent, and the matter is finished. Some attention is paid to the education of children; they are taught to write, and Scott learned their process, which appeared, from his specimens, to be a very rude one.

After the return from the pilgrimage, the Arabs did not sit down in peace to rest themselves; for in twelve days after they came to *El Ghiblah*, they set out on a plundering expedition, taking Scott with them. Their intention was to attack the tents of their enemies, or

rather the objects of their cupidity, by night; but the alarm had been given by some dogs, and the scheme was frustrated. An open battle was the consequence, in which Scott's companions were the victors. Five days afterwards, however, they were vanquished in turn, and were forced to fly for refuge to some nearly inaccessible rocks by the sea-side. Here Scott was of great use to them, though in a most perilous way to the poor captive. He was lowered down from high rocks to the beach, where he collected mussels and fishes for them, without which they would have perished from famine.

This is a sample of the life of suffering and danger which was the lot of poor Scott during all his remaining captivity among the African Arabs; for these restless beings never were at peace, or out of dangerous broils, for one day or hour. He attempted more than once, before his final flight, to make his escape, and on one of these occasions was lashed so severely on the soles of his feet, and burnt with a hot iron rod, that it was two or three months before he recovered from the punishment. At last, in the beginning of August 1816, a circumstance occurred, which incited him to another trial, in which he was fortunate enough to succeed. He fell asleep while tending his master's herds, and in the mean time a wolf came, killed three sheep, and dispersed the rest of the flock, so that when the slumberer awoke, the dead sheep were all that were visible. Such was his dread of a punishment similar to the last which had been inflicted on him, that he fled instantly towards the sea-shore, along which he travelled for four days and nights in a northerly direction. During this time his only sustenance was a little fresh water. On the fifth day he met with a Moor, who, though at first wearing a hostile appearance, ultimately received and entertained him in the most hospitable manner. By the Moor's advice, Scott wrote an account of his sufferings and situation to the British consul at Mogador. This letter the Moor himself carried, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles; and the result was, that Mr Willshire, the consul, gave a considerable sum in name of ransom to the friendly Moor, and Scott was brought to Mogador, where he was treated with the kindest attentions, and ultimately sent home to England in the brig *Isabella* of Aberdeen. He reached his native land on the 9th of December 1816, after an absence of six years, spent in sufferings and dangers such as few men are doomed to undergo.

It ought to be mentioned, to the praise of Mr Willshire, the Mogador consul, that to him several others of the crew of the *Montezuma* were indebted for the means of ransom, and the same humane attention which was paid to the unfortunate wanderer.

The above account of the sufferings and wanderings of Alexander Scott, for six years, among the Arabs, is condensed from a narrative drawn up and published some years ago by Professor Traill, who received the particulars from Scott's own lips, and who states a perfect conviction of their truth in every respect.

THE VALE OF MANOR,

A TALE.

IN consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beautiful Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire, for a time, to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase, and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley, stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here then dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly cultivated field, and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the hold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only "the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy."

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of culture, is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot, does the stream of the

* As *Bahar* signifies a navigable sheet of water generally, *Tieb* we must suppose to be the proper name of this lake. The resemblance of *Tieb* in sound to *Dib* or *Dibble* is evident, and the lake is in all probability the same as that on the Niger's course, mentioned by Park, though the *Bahar Tieb* had no perceptible current.

Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant too has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples, but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of "a jolly miller." Andrew bore a high character for honesty; a character which, without antithesis, was not, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family for three generations had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblest with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoiled child; for her father's love was like to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened, which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoiled child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V., the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted, and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son Edward Burnet was the favourite pupil of the refugee, and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt, and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer, when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed, in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet every thing was arranged with such care as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *trysts* which she had made with an earthly lover, for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone, though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip, before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting. "Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?" said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; "they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryste to meet you a second time." "And so you do like me weel, Mary?" said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; "at least you should do it, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply, I like you." "It does not seem sae, Edward," replied

the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquetish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these we may inform the reader, that the miller had set his heart on having, for a son-in-law, a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and it was supposed had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and by being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. "He's a roving kind o' chield," thought Andrew Tod, "but Mary wad mak ony body into a gude husband."

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. "Oh, Mary," said the lover, "I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs along wi' riches. But you must promise me," continued he, speaking with great earnestness, "you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours." Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness, "Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot is a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, no to think of him." Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still, but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness, "Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then," said she, with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say that after a short time they separated, Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us beg the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation, but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared to be particularly the case with the household of Castlehill, for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master Will Elliot not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms in every respect of perfect equality, with his dependents. Half a dozen of men, dressed as farm servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time playing lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them. "Ha, my lads," said Elliot, "is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than rinking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?" "I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost wadna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet, coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter." "Curse the brat," said Elliot; "I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?" Some of the men said No, others said Yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. "Never mind," said he at last; "I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling of them, when aye wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?" "I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting dress," replied the man who spoke before, "but there was a servant wi' him." "He is oftener alone though," said Elliot, "and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield castle; for I saw him pay a boy for pointing out his road,

out of a large purse filled with the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours, ay, though we should give his neck a twist for it. Drink to our success, lads." More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw, for such was his true character, and his midnight followers, but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting coat, was passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall and finely formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a couteau de chasse, or short hunting sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood, when a man sprang from its cover, and, placing on the stranger's arm a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and, drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding further, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck. He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter, for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one, but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. "It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him, as well as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can." The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two rapidly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learnt on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage; suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. "It maun ha' been some of the same forest gang that cleared the Dawick barn the other night," said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack; "within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night; deil be in their skins." Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night, but his visitor declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill, as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor staid. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be, but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an indefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shown enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horse-men, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance, but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. "It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himself," that was attacked yestern; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield castle, that it was Will Elliot that played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary, and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them." And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found, for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack, had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom, and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had in the course of several years annoyed and alarmed the country side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

THE THEATRES IN FORMER TIMES.

MALONE asserts that the performances at theatres "began at one o'clock in the afternoon;" but he was certainly mistaken, and the only authority he adduced by no means established his position. The usual time for visiting the theatre was after dinner; but Davenant states, in the prologue to his *Unfortunate Lovers*, produced in 1638, that of old so eager were the spectators to secure good places, that they sometimes came without their dinners—

"For they to theatres were pleased to come,
Ere they had dined, to take up the best room."

The usual hour of dining, in the city at least, at this period, was twelve o'clock. In Haughton's *Englishmen for my Money*, Pisaro, the Portugal merchant, goes to the Exchange at about eleven, and comes home to dinner at noon. There might then, as now, sometimes be an affectation of late dining; and Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, represents his gay hero as dining at two o'clock, and afterwards visiting the theatre. In fact, the performance of plays began at three o'clock, as appears by the following proclamation made by an actor, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, played very shortly after, if not before, the death of Elizabeth:—

"All they that can sing and say,
Come to the Town-house, and see a play:
At three o'clock it shall begin."

In the articles between Henslowe and Meade, and Dawes the player, in 1614, it is expressly stipulated that he shall be ready "apparelled to begin the play at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon," which, without further evidence, seems quite decisive. The prices of admission, both to public and private theatres, seem to have varied according to their rank and estimation, and to have been raised on particular occasions. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was acted in 1614, at the Hope, a small dirty theatre (which had been used also for bear-baiting) on the Bankside; and according to the induction, the prices

there varied from sixpence to two shillings and sixpence. He stipulates—"it shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpenny-worth, his twopenny-worth, so to his eightpence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place—provided always his place get not above his wit." It is to be remembered, however, that this induction was probably written with a view to the first representation of the play, and that on those occasions additional charges were sometimes made to the spectators; and but for this temporary increase in the price of admission, it would be difficult to reconcile the sums stated by Ben Jonson, with the low character he gives of the Hope theatre.

According to the induction to *Bartholomew Fair* before cited, the lowest sum taken at the door of the Hope, when that comedy was first played, was sixpence; but at the Fortune and Red Bull, which were large public theatres, there were twopenny rooms or galleries. Dekker himself speaks of "twopenny galleries;" and after alluding to the benefit reaped by players, in consequence of the arrival of foreign ambassadors who visited the theatres, he says, that Sloth will attract as large an audience, "because 'tis given out that he will come and sit in the twopenny galleries amongst the gentlemen, and see their knaveries and pastimes." Here, of course, he uses the term "gentlemen" ironically; for the twopenny gallery was the highest part of the house, as may be gathered from the following sentence in *Vox Graculi*, 1623:—"Give me leave to air your thoughts on a nimble wing, where they shall fly in a high place, and whence (as if you sat in the most perspicuous twopenny gallery of a play-house) you shall with perspicacity behold all the parts, which I (your newcome astrologer) shall act among the stars." Such probably continued to be the price of admission into this part of the Fortune and Bull many years afterwards.—*Collier's History of the Drama.*

THE CROCODILE PITS OF EGYPT.

WHILE we were undressing and lighting our candles, those who were to enter betook themselves to prayer, as persons about to plunge into desperate peril. I again descended before the others, and as the smell seemed less disgusting than on the day before, did not in the least doubt being able to withstand the malaria, or mephitic vapour, whatever it might be. When the Arabs had prayed, and stripped themselves nearly naked, we took each a taper in our hands, and began to move forwards. The old man, his son, and two other Arabs, led the way; my servant and I followed; and Monro came close after me, with a guide, who was to show the way back, if we should find it impossible to proceed. Having reached the large chamber, where we had wasted so much time on the preceding day, the old guide turned to the right, and crept forward through a small hole, the mouth of which was concealed by a projecting rock. We all followed in the order we had observed in entering, and after proceeding about twenty yards, arrived in the large natural chamber described by Legh and Henniker, the latter of whom advanced no farther. Continuing to push forward, we entered a portion of the cavern of a most hideous appearance; enormous rocks huddled together forming the floor, where chasms of unknown depth yawned between the dark masses, while prodigious black stalactites, with shining spars of crystal glittering between them, hung like dead snakes from the roof, and composed a kind of fretwork round the sides. Every thing wore the fuliginous appearance of a place which had been the seat of some durable conflagration; black as night, covered with soot, oily, slippery, and exhaling a stench unutterably disgusting. Bats without number hung from the roof, or flew against our faces, from the countless holes and narrow diverging passages of the cavern; some striking against the rocks and falling senseless to the ground, where we trod or pressed upon them with our hands—for there was no time to be nice in picking our way. At length they began to cling about my neck, and bite my hands, and several times extinguished my taper; but this was merely disagreeable. By degrees, however, the passage grew low and narrow, so that it became necessary to creep forward on hands and knees, with our heads very low, that they might not strike against the rocks. This position I found extremely painful. The heat likewise appeared to be insufferable, and the perspiration streamed from our bodies like rain. My companions, according to the advice of the principal guide, had stripped nearly to the skin; but, trusting to my capacity for enduring heat, I had slighted his counsel, and now suffered the penalty of my imprudence. Still, however, I continued in the track of the guide; but having advanced about three or four hundred yards, I felt the blood rush to my head, and experienced great sickness and faintness, accompanied by an extraordinary oppression of the lungs, greatly augmented by the odour of putrid corpses which issued from the extremities of the cave, and appeared to increase every moment. For this effect I never could fully account. In all the tombs, and caverns, and mummy-pits which we had hitherto entered, I had seemed to suffer less than any one, and could remain in them whole hours without inconvenience; but now the case was different. In a short time, my head grew dizzy, and the cavern seemed to reel and swim round. Supposing I was about to faint, in which case recovery would have been next to impossible, I requested Monro, who seemed to experience

nothing of the kind, to endeavour to pass me, which the narrowness of the passage rendered nearly impracticable, and ordered the Arab in the rear to lead the way back. Monro and Suleiman proceeded. When I had regained that part of the passage where it was possible to stand upright, the fulness and dizziness in the head abated, but my eyes seem to have grown dim, and I fancied we had lost our way. The guide, who evidently shared my suspicion, paused and surveyed the various openings with terror, while his trembling hands could scarcely hold the taper. The cavern, in fact, appeared to have enlarged, the passages to have grown more numerous, and the stench and blackness more infernal. I crept along with the utmost difficulty, the bats flitting before or striking against me, and looked with intense longing for the appearance of light and the smell of fresh air. A draught of water might perhaps have revived me, but the guides had neglected to bring any into the cavern, and to this circumstance I probably owed my extreme disappointment, and might have owed something worse. As the way appeared so much longer than it had in entering, the suspicion frequently recurred that we had missed it; but at length I discovered a glimmering of light, and felt the rushing in of the external air, which now seemed perfumed, though, on my first descending, I thought it execrable. On arriving at the entrance, the Arab flung himself with a groan upon the ground; and I, completely exhausted and overcome, sat below upon the rock in a kind of dream, unable to climb the rocky ascent to the plain.—*Egypt and Mohammed Ali, by J. A. St John, 1834.*

THE TRAVELLING PEAS.

IN the beginning of the year 1776, a young gentleman of fortune, being desirous of presenting something rare to a lady to whom he was much attached, inquired in the suburbs of Paris for green peas, and with great difficulty procured four half-pint bottles, for each of which he paid six louis d'ors; a most extravagant price, but it was the only valuable present he could think of, which the delicacy of the lady would not make her refuse; for she was of a haughty disposition, and would not accept of anything that might subject her to the imputation of selfishness. It is not certain if the gentleman gave orders that she should be informed of the price, or whether the season of the year, or the knowledge of their rarity, made her guess it: however, as she was more of the coquette than the epicure, she could not help telling the messenger that the person who bought them, apparently had more money than wit.

Her mother, who was naturally avaricious, finding her of this opinion, proposed to sell the peas, and after some altercation she got the better of her delicacy, and made her consent to the sending them to the market, where none had appeared, nor indeed was such a rarity expected.

The old lady luckily was acquainted with a woman whose business it was to give notice to the stewards of people of quality of every thing scarce, the first of the kind that was to be purchased. This woman undertook the commission to sell the peas, and set out with the intention to carry them to the hotel of the Prince de Condé, who was to give a superb entertainment that day to the foreign ministers.

In the interval, another admirer of the young lady paid her a visit, and the conversation turning on the backwardness of spring, she accidentally mentioned green peas, which made him conjecture she had a desire to taste them. He therefore shortened his visit, making some plausible excuse, and repaired to the most celebrated fruiterers in Paris, but, to his mortification, all the intelligence he could procure was, that none had yet appeared except four bottles, which an old woman had been seen conveying to the Prince de Condé's. His hopes now revived; he lost no time, and fortunately overtaking the woman, who knew him, before she reached the hotel, he thought himself very happy to obtain them at the moderate charge of thirty louis.

The emissary, equally overjoyed, returned to her employers with the money, and told the young lady who had purchased them. But though she had no objection to the money, she was extremely piqued to find her favourite lover had bought them, not doubting but they were designed for some formidable rival; and in this conjecture she was confirmed by the abrupt manner in which he had shortened his visit and left her. Distracted with jealousy, she imparted her sentiments to a female visitant, and both were earnestly employed in railing at the infidelity of mankind, when, behold! one of the servants of the suspected lover was introduced, who brought a basket from his master, decorated with the flowers in season, and covered with nosegays, which being removed, the triumphant fair one discovered the green peas! and thus the chagrin was instantly converted into immoderate peals of laughter at this droll adventure. As for the visitor, being quite familiar in the house, and fond of dainties, she insisted on eating the peas, that they might not cause any more confusion in the family; but as the motive was easily discerned, they went no farther than the rules of politeness required, and only dressed one pottle.

After the lady was gone, a new council was held, to deliberate on the disposal of the remainder. The daughter had now no objection to sell them again,

but the mother having a law-suit in hand, thought it more for her interest to send them to her attorney, which was accordingly done, and occasioned a very warm dispute between him and his wife. Madam loved good cheer, and insisted on regaling her friends with this rarity, but the attorney knew better how to serve his own interest, and sent them to the Marquis de Renté, who had promised to give him preferment. But scarce were the peas set down on the table, when the lover who had adorned the basket with flowers came to visit the marquis; and seeing the present to his mistress thus, as it were, fly in his face, he concealed his resentment, but took the first opportunity to pay a visit to his perfidious mistress, who very coolly thanked him for his peas, adding they had an excellent flavour. Enraged at her carrying the matter so far, he then told her that she must wait till the marquis had tasted them, before she gave her opinion of their goodness. The lady, at a loss to guess his meaning, and confounded at the violence of his transports, demanded an explanation; he then related to her the last incident, but she, not suspecting what had happened, affirmed they were not the same peas; this enraged him still more, and he required to see the basket in which he himself had placed the pottles, and which he adorned with flowers; not being able to produce it, the quarrel seemed to admit of no terms of accommodation, when in came the peas again! The marquis, who also had an affection for the lady, thought them a very proper present for her. Our lover was now fully convinced that the marquis could not be so absurd to send his mistress her present to him, yet he was convinced they were the very same peas; the mother therefore was obliged to confess the truth. It was then determined to sacrifice the travelling peas to the calls of nature, and they were accordingly consumed by the parties most interested in their fate.—*Old Scrap Book.*

IRISH PIGS.

WHILE at Liverpool, I went to the Clarence Dock to see a cargo of pigs unladen, from Ireland. They had arrived on board the steamer Drogheda, from Belfast, together with a number of oxen, sheep, and geese. The pigs were, contrary to my expectation, persuaded to walk out without any difficulty, by means of planks placed zig-zag, and leading upwards all the way from the hold.

The service of attending a cargo of pigs, and remaining in their company below—when it is considered that the flavour rising from their hides is so strong as to taint a column of air a mile long or more, and nobody knows exactly how broad—must be really arduous. I have understood, however, that such attendance is absolutely necessary, and regularly performed, in order to stir them up, as the only means (the creatures being so closely packed) to prevent their suffocation. At all events, on the present occasion, men were doing duty below manfully, in a hot and corrupted atmosphere. As each pig walked up the platform, Paddy behind with a small switch, whenever the animal attempted to swerve, persuaded him with a delicate touch on the rump. The animal probably mistaking this for the bite of a fly, gently placed one leg forward; this was no sooner set in its place, than another tickle of the switch on the other side caused him to advance the other. An Irishman can certainly, in common cases, do more with his pig than the native of any other country; and this is no doubt mainly owing to his treating the beast with kindness. A very short time ago I met a man leading a large boar in a string through the town of Litchfield. It was not necessary to inquire whether the latter and his gentleman usher were going, but I could not help stopping to have a little conversation with the man, to which the boar, with a playful glance of his eye, actually seemed to be listening. The creature followed his master as willingly as a dog, a leathern thong being tied loosely round his thick neck; and I was assured that by kind treatment alone he had been brought to such a state of discipline as to be thoroughly depended on. Once or twice during the time the man stopped, the boar seemed anxious to proceed; and though he did not put forth his strength, his weight alone called for a counteracting power. In order to stop him, the man placed one foot against his flank, as a purchase, and then, the other foot resting on the ground, he laid his shoulders to the draft, and pulled him off his centre.

The Huddersfield pig-market has attained much celebrity, and is furnished almost exclusively from Ireland, by way of Liverpool, whence these animals pass in droves, not only through the manufacturing districts, but even to more remote parts of the country. The breed of Irish pigs is improved tenfold within the last few years; besides, as they live on more equal terms with their masters than the English hog, as regards the privileges of air and exercise during the period of fattening, they are considerably less oppressed by their weight while on the march. On arriving at the market-place half an hour before the time of commencing business, not a pig was to be seen; but on learning the different droves were at that time undergoing ablution at the river, I walked thither to see the performance. Few, indeed, are the services a pig receives at the hands of his master without remonstrance; and reasonably—for never, as a Greek author has somewhere observed, are human hands laid upon him but either to curtail by cunning devices his animal enjoyment, or execute

upon his person one vile purpose or another; however, on the present occasion, to my great surprise, for I should have thought washing second only to shearing, every pig submitted to the ceremony with most perfect complacency; in fact, being heated and feverish after their journey, they seemed delighted by the cooling process. The herd being driven up to their bellies in the river, one man was entirely occupied in sluicing them with water from a pail, which he continually dipped in the stream and emptied over their backs. Another fellow anointed them one after another with yellow soap, and so soon as he had raised a copious lather, rubbed the hide, first soundly with his hands, and then with the teeth of a horse-mane comb; now and then, in particular cases, it became necessary to have recourse to an instrument of still greater power—his broad-thumb-nail. After rubbing and lathering for some time, they were sluiced again, and as painful after painful descended on their hides, no sound was heard among them—not even a wince or snort; on the contrary, every now and then a soft happy grunt (and a grunt is an expression of happiness among the whole animal kingdom, rational or irrational) seemed unequivocally to describe their perfect content and satisfaction. Their bristles shining like silver wire, each lot were now driven to the market-place, where, provided with an ample bed of clean straw, they disposed themselves according to their separate parcels, with such economy of space, that a spectator would have been inclined considerably to underrate their numbers; for there were not fewer than six hundred present.—*A Home Tour, by Sir George Head.*

LIFE—ITS APPARENT LENGTH OR BREVITY.

LIFE appears long and tedious to the man who employs it ill—long and pleasant to him who employs it well. The pleasures of existence are indeed susceptible of extension, provided we apply ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge. To some, a single day yields more true enjoyment and lasting gratification than is gained by others during a series of years spent in sensual indulgence. The good that may be done in even such a little space of time as half an hour, is only conceivable by those whose minds are energetic in well-doing. "There is a famous passage in the Alcoran (says Addison in the Spectator) which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt. There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales, which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd; but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this the sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bade him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly, he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers. After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the

water, and immediately taken it out again. The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that he, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years." Leaving the reader to smile at these fables, we shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider "how different is the view of past life, in the man who has grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower."

BOMBAST.—The following admirable specimen of the bombastic style of writing occurs in the last published number of the Edinburgh Review, in an article on Sir Humphry Davy:—"If Franklin received the palm of immortality for bringing down and domesticating the lightnings of heaven, who can refuse the triple crown to him who took the thunderbolt in his grasp, and commissioned it, among the refractory powers of the material world, to demand their watchword, and dissolve their confederacy?" This is the most elegant nonsense which has been published for many years.

THE LUXURIES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Hollinshed, who wrote in the time of Elizabeth, thus describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life:—"There were very few chimneys, even in capital towns. The fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Lord Kames says, that Henry II. of France, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. Queen Elizabeth, the third year of her reign, received, in a present, a pair of black silk knit stockings; and Dr Howell reports that she never wore cloth hose any more. Before the Conquest, there was a timber bridge upon the Thames, between London and Southwark, which was repaired by William Rufus, and was burnt by accident in the reign of Henry II. At that time (A.D. 1176) the present London Bridge was projected, though not finished until the year 1212. In the former part of the reign of Henry VIII., there did not grow in England cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root; and even Queen Catherine herself could not command a salad for dinner, until the king brought over a gardener from the Netherlands. About the same time, the artichoke, the apricot, the damask rose, made their first appearance in England. Turkeys, carps, and hops, were first known here in the year 1524. The currant shrub was brought from the island of Zante in the year 1533; and in 1540, cherry-trees from Flanders were first planted in Kent. It was in the year 1563 that knives were first made in England. Pocket watches were brought here from Germany in the year 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced, before which time Queen Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain. A saw-mill was erected near London in the year 1633, but afterwards demolished, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment.—*Newspaper paragon.*

THE DIFFICULTIES OF AN EDITOR.—An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without comments, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuse to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackanapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet; and if the editor be not fool enough to print the nonsense—"Stop my paper; I won't patronise a man that's no better judge of poetry." One murmurs because his paper is too literary, another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room, another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the types so small, that a microscope would be indispensable in every family, another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labour of Syphilus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.—*The same.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; and ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 30, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers. 60 Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of 12 weeks, 1s. 6d.; price for half a year or year in proportion. In every case payable in advance. From the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.

